

SHERIFF SLOPER SOLICITS SUPPORT.



ally Sloper's Half Holiday

THE
"A-S"
GIN

IS BEST
KEPT IN
THE
BOTTLE.

No. 1724 (New Series No. 2.)

ARMISTICE DAY, 1922.

TWOPENCE



MOORE MERRY MAKING IN THE CITY.

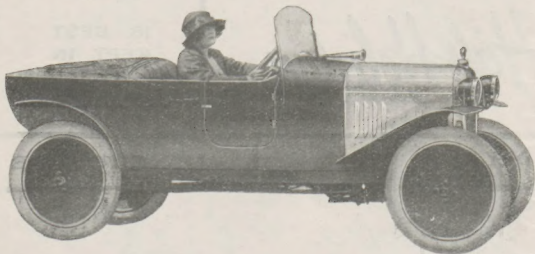
Poor Pa can always be relied on to carry off a delicate situation with dignity and decorum. He always knows how to efface himself when not in the full limelight, and, when his friend, Alderman E. C. Moore, rode in state and the gilded coach to receive the plaudits of his fellow citizens, the Majestic Monolith took a back seat, on Tishy the Twooth, though, as one can easily understand, the perfect furor of cheers from the crowd in the City were meant, not so much for the Lord Mayor alone as for their future Member, whose political programme is comprised in his famous slogan, "Brighten Britain!"

TOOTSIE.

The talk of the Show!

8 H.P. 4 cyl. Watercooled Two-Seater

BENJAMIN



SPECIFICATION—4 cylinders, water-cooled, Bore 54, Stroke 82, Right Hand Steering. Speeds: 3 Forward and 1 Reverse, centre change SELF-STARTER, DYNAMO — LIGHTING. Spare Wheel and tyre, etc., etc.

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140 LONG ACRE
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guineas

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(Dept. 69)

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Nos. 1 & 2.
Fine Glace or Box Gibson.

LADIES' SHOES

In best Glace leather lined with high or low heels. All sizes 2 to 7.

8/6 per pair **15/-** 2 pairs

Postage 1/- per pair; 2 pairs 1/3.



No. 3. Fine Box Brogue.



No. 4. Fancy Tie Shoe.



No. 50. One-Bar Shoe.



No. 52. Court Shoe.



No. 53. Cross-over Shoe.



No. 15

FINEST QUALITY GLACE KID HIGH LEGGED BOOT.

10-in. high, best bend soles in Balmoral or Derby leather lined. A grand Winter Boot.

15/6 per pair.

15a. A similar boot in box for heavier wear.

per **12/6** pair

16. Mid's Boot in Best Glace Kid. 7-in. high.

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MEN'S WINTER BOOT

Made in the popular Derby shape, of stout box uppers, leather lined, leather inner sole, and solid leather soles. This is a magnificent boot, smart and attractive in appearance, durable and lasting for either town or country wear.

10/6 per pair

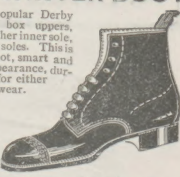
2 pairs **20/-**

Postage 1/- pair

2 pairs, 1/3

Men's Brogue Shoes in Black or Tan.

10/6 per pair.



2 pairs **20/-**

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SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOT

The finest boot obtainable for Hard Winter Wear.

Guaranteed all Leather, double soles, leather lined, wide welts, bellows tongues, sewn soles. Defy all weather, and absolutely watertight. Supplied in either Black or Tan. Invaluable for country wear, either work or sport. In sizes 6 to 10. Larger size, 1/- extra.



14/6

per pair

Superior Quality

18/- per pair.

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SENT ON APPROVAL.

Please write plainly and be careful to give full postal address. State usual size worn. All goods sent out same day as order received.

Cross all P.O.'s. Register Treasury Notes.

Add 1/- extra per pair. 1/3 2 pair Money returned in full if not satisfied.

PILES CAN BE CURED

Without Dangerous Operation
BY THE
WILSON TREATMENT.



If you suffer from Piles I have a remedy that will cure you completely and quickly, without a dangerous operation. It's a simple remedy, one that has worked wonders, and cured many who thought they would have to seek surgical aid.

You can cure yourself at home at a trifling cost.

Think what this will mean to you—no doctor's bills, no prolonged hospital treatment—no need for you to take to your bed, which would be the case if you underwent a painful operation.

I suffered for years from piles, and know only too well the terrible agony I went through—it made my life a misery. I was depressed—the least exertion distressed me—but thanks to the Wilson File Treatment I am cured. What it has done for me it can do for you—and, as quickly.

The Wilson Treatment goes to the Root of the Trouble

so that the cure is permanent. Do not class the Wilson Treatment with the dangerous ointments so often recommended—it is a simple remedy—painless in action—speedy in effect.

The longer you delay, the more chronic your complaint will become—every day means extra exertion—you realise the dangerous effects delay causes. No matter how chronic your case may be I can positively guarantee you speedy recovery if only you will follow my simple directions.

I wish I could show you all the letters that reach me almost every day—they would astonish you—"gratefulness and thanks, and a wish that they had tried the Wilson File Treatment before." The following are only a few of the

REMARKABLE LETTER OF THANKS FROM ALEC KENDAL, The well-known Comedian.

"I have suffered from Piles for years and have often had to refrain from appearing in Public because of this distressing malady. Luckily for me since I have used your marvellous remedy, I have been entirely cured and have never since failed to keep my appointment with the Public, which is a great source of pleasure to me, apart from the great relief experienced from the entire disappearance of Piles."

(Signed) ALEC KENDAL.

Don't imagine because you let your complaint drag on until it has become excruciating that you are incurable—Mis—suffered for 9 years and the Wilson File Treatment cured her. No matter what your age, or duration of complaint, I tell you positively that the Wilson File Treatment can, and will cure you.

FREE.

Don't delay another day, write to me and I will send you a booklet which tells how you can cure yourself in your own home—without surgical aid. Send no money, only a postage stamp for the reply.

THE WILSON FILE CURE CO. (Dept.) (A.S.)
145a, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

OUR XMAS No.



**IT WILL
BE
FUNNY!**

The Sportsman's Mount

DUZMO

MOTOR CYCLE

1923

Model

STAND
No. **15**

Olympia Motor Cycle Show
Nov. 25th—Dec. 2nd 1922

Send for name of nearest Agent and our 1923 List. This is only a small booklet, but happens to be worth reading.

John Wallace & Co.
Enfield Highway
MIDDLESEX

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

Forwarded to any part of the World, post free: 3 months, 3s.; 6 months, 6s.; 12 months (including all Special Numbers), 12s. In stamps or P.O.O.'s to THE PROPRIETORS, "THE SLOPERIES," BOSWELL HOUSE, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Show Cards and Contents Bills will be sent post free to Newspapers on application. Reading Cases, free of charge, to Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

* Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, must enclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Under no other conditions will attention be given to work sent in on approval. Do not enclose loose stamps.

A QUEER SETTLEMENT.

"Dear Sir," wrote Pebblebeach's washerwoman, the other day, "I trust it will bea convenient to Settel mi little Bill," and dispatched the epistolary masterpiece by her youthful son William, who presently returned to the domestic fireside, bearing a note from our hard-up friend, in which he intimated that if she sent round to bother him any more for such a paltry account, he'd settle her little Bill in a manner which would disabbe him for a month.

THE DOOK'S ANCESTORS.

The other day, the Dook Snook invited the members of the family down to his ancestral residence, and while roning through the picture gallery, McGooseley was much struck by the portraits of the Duke's father, a grey-headed old party, and his grandfather, a young man about twenty-one. "Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed McGooseley, who, owing to the impoverished state of the doocal cellars, was fairly sober. "Why, your bloomin' grandfather must have been a kid in the cradle when your father was born."

A DANGEROUS JOURNAL.

"Yes," remarked the ex-editor of a recently smashed-up paper, we were making a gigantic fortune and could afford to pay princely salaries to our staff—the office boy drove down in his two-seater every morning. I assure you; but our paper was so intensely funny that the authorities were compelled to stop its circulation on account of the alarming increase of corpulency amongst the countless millions who read it—laugh and grow fat, you know! Yes, dreadful shame—er—you haven't got half a crown about you, I suppose? I left my note case at home in the billiard room."



"Did you tell dad, Dick, that you had fifty pounds in the bank?"
"Yes."
"What did he say?"
"He borrowed it!"

DIAGNOSIS.

Why am I so melancholy?
I'm quite sure I shan't live long;
I've no taste for flappers' folly,
Nor for woman, wine, and song.

I dream of landlords hard as nails,
Of Crippen in the condemned cell,
Of black-capped judges, warders, gaoles,
And tolling of the passing bell.

My days are rough, my nights are rougher.
I can't think why I feel so ill.
Oh, doctor, tell me why I suffer?
"Ah, what you want's a liver pill!"

HIS EXCUSE.

* Some of the inhabitants of that sweet spot known as Sloper's Island are a trifle irregular in their habits. What with billiards at the club and solo, they don't all go to bed at ten o'clock. The other morning, going up to town, one said to the other, "You didn't turn up at six o'clock this morning on the allotment, as you arranged yesterday."

"No, old man, I couldn't manage it," was the reply. "I tried hard, but I couldn't keep up so late. To tell you the truth, I'm a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by three or four o'clock, I'm no good at all the next day."

A flapper at Stockton-on-Tees

Knocked over a hive full of bees.
Rescued she may, but her language they say,
Created a blight on the trees.

FANCY FASHIONS FOR FILM FAVOURITES.



Tootsie's Friends II.—ELSIE ENTWISTLE.

Who takes the part of LOB in
"LOB-LIE-BY-THE-FIRE."
(To be released shortly.)

BYGONE LORD MAYORS' DAYS. SOME SLOPERIAN SHOWS.

ANOTHER Lord Mayor's Show Day has come along, with the regularity of rent day, and once again it will be the pleasure of the Eminent to present Lord Mayor Moore with that token of esteem—the Award of Merit, which so many occupants of the Mansion House have received from the Eminent's hands.

Lord Mayors, almost without exception, have been beloved by the people, because they have supported the legitimate rights of Londoners and enjoy themselves against the Fussys and Pumpturians. In other words, they were friends of Sloper.

As a matter of fact, the miserable microbes, who wish to compel us to drink water and send us to bed when the clock strikes eight, have always been the foes of the Lord Mayor and the pageantry that is associated with his high office.

When these dismal Jemmies ruled England for a few years during the Commonwealth they abolished the Lord Mayor's Show and deprived thousands of Londoners of their annual day of enjoyment.

When the "Merrie" Monarch came to the throne, November 9th resumed its pageantry and festivity.

The Lord Mayor for 1662, Sir Robert Clayton, was a member of the Vintner's Company.

Said Sir Robert, in true Sloperian spirit, "One and all, both great and small, shall carouse with me on the Ninth, and carouse they did."

King Charles was the guest of the evening, and it is recorded that both the King and the City's Chief Magistrate got "the better of the liquor!"

"Take 'nother bottle," said Sir Robert to King Charles. "Cheerio, old bean," replied his Majesty, who, after drinking a mighty draught, broke into an extempore song commencing, "The man who is drunk is as great as a king."

In those merry days the Lord Mayor had a poet laureate of his own. The last laureate of the City was Elkannah Settle, whose duty it was to make the citizens "merry with his songs during the Lord Mayor's tenure of office."

His vocation has fallen on Ally Sloper, whose "Half-Holiday" has provided the country with delight through the reigns of three sovereigns, Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George, and umpteen Lord Mayors.

The Lord Mayor's laureate used to organise the shows, to give pleasure to the various Lord Mayors and the spectators, and generally brighten the old town up—another link between laureate and the Eminent litterateur, whose life is devoted to brightening the lives of the entire population!

Some of these old-time poets of pleasure and pageants went the whole hog, in devising new delights to rejoice the hearts of the Lord Mayors and the crowds.

In Queen Anne's reign one of the Lord Mayors was a member of the Worshipful Company of Grocers.

One of the pageants represented naked boys, save for silk wings fastened to their shoulders to represent flies crowding round a sugar cake!

An elderly gentleman, who personified Diogenes, trundled along a currant butt, on which the name and business address of the Lord Mayor was conspicuously painted.

The next year the methods of a modern review producer was intelligently anticipated in a pageant devised to honour a Lord Mayor who was a member of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

An untrapped dais was displayed as a pearl in a gigantic oyster shell!

The blood of some of these poets and pageants masters of the good old days runs in the veins of the greatest of their descendants, the Sloperian Showman, Ally Sloper.

GIN AND GINGER.

TWITTERS BY A BRIGHTON BIRD.

I love to walk upon the gay King's Road.
With all my besties clad in fashion's mode,
And don't I wish a bit more wind had blown,
For what's the good of paying 10s. 6d. a pair if they
ain't showed?

PREVENTION FROM FIRE.

"There's a fire in your terrace, Mrs. Clumberbump. I hope it ain't your house," said Mrs. Clatterbury.
"Oh! no, Maria," replied Mrs. Clumberbump, "I'm sure the conflagration ain't in my homicide, for I locked the door before I came out, and here's the key in my tashy case."

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Like many another romantic youth of his age, he had been fatally stage-struck—it happens to most of us once in our lives—so he left his stool at the lawyer's office, with its dear old associations of dead-crossing, falsifying the stamp-book, and spending the luncheon half-hour on the Thames Embankment, and went in for acting. It was awful work, on tour with a crowd of barn-stormers, and he never got time to drop his aged and expectant parents a postcard. But they bore up, and dreamed of the day when he would return to knock the stuffing out of Owen Nares and the chip hole corners off Gerry du Maurier. They waited—oh, they waited!—and, at last, a letter came:—"Dear Mother,—Our company has bust! Will you meet me, on the outskirts of the town, at dusk, with a pair of trousers, some boots, and a blanket? I find I have a hat. Your misled son, ARTURO CORNER."

MONEY FOR DIVORCED WIVES. WHERE HUSBANDS ARE MADE TO PAY.

GILLS, should you ever marry rich but mean hubbies, take my advice and divorce them—in Paris.

To get divorced in France, that is, if you have the luck to be English or American, is as easy and delightful as drinking cocktails or eating chocolate.

The reason is that in gay "Paree," where the divorce mills grind day and night, the judges are eminently fair to beautiful ladies. Frenchmen are all gallant, and French judges are but Frenchmen disguised in long black robes. Beneath their judicial Mother Hubbard beats the heart of a Beau Nash, and when a beautiful lady is in "ze trouble," ah, how it do beat!

Alimony? Pout! Certaintum. Much alimony. So much as will dry those tears and make the pretty lady smile again."



"Ze husband, back in zat England—ah, let him make more money! All men are rich in zat England. Alimony? Pout! Zat is nossing!"

This is how a Yankee girl friend of mine got divorce and fortune.

Her name was Mrs. J. Porterhouse Bibbs, the wife of the flour mill magnate of Red Horse Idaho. Some time ago she went to France on a pleasure trip, leaving J. Porterhouse at home to run the mill. Everybody is satisfied.

Mrs. J. Porterhouse is a very beautiful and her husband is not so much. He is a very crude person. All he can make is money. He cannot make love. Anyhow, he likes his stenographer much better. Mrs. J. Porterhouse falls in love with Paris, you decide that while she is over there doing a little shopping she may as well buy a divorce. She goes to the divorce court just off the Rue de la Paix (pronounced Pay) and squeezes out a couple of tears.

"Ah, ze beautiful lady! She is ver' deestral! What ze husband 'n' back in zat Amerique did to the pretty lady, what?"

"One Sunday three years ago, your Honour, he refused to take my little dog for a walk in the park."

"Ah—ah! Ze cruelty! so perfidy! Does the sweet lady wish for alimony?"

"Absolutely, your Highness."

"How much ze dollar your wicked husband make it?"

"Last year he made 150,000 dollars."

"Ver' good. We make ze alimony 175,000 dollars a year, and ze hope you will be times in Paris, madame."

"Oh, thank you, your Grace!"

"Ze pleasure, madame, she is all mine."

Ole J. Porterhouse expects a cablegram momentarily to the effect that his wife will arrive home on the next boat. He gets a cablegram announcing the divorce. As to the alimony, J. Porterhouse murmurs sweetly, "Try to get it," and he marries his stenographer, and lives happily until his new wife goes to Paris on a vacation trip, and she also gets a divorce.

PEACE PERFECT PEACE



FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS AND FROM THE RIDICULOUS TO THE SUBLIME.

"LOOK here, old thing, I'm fed up with this. Absolutely: I simply can't stick it. I must have a bit of peace—perfect peace as the St. George's, Hanover Square—since I'm going off into the country, and that's that!"

With these despairing words our hero flung himself into a cosy-cushioned wicker chair in the dainty "dug-out" of his particular pal, Dolly Sellars, and chucking a cigarette on to her lap, lit one himself.

They were "articular pals, nothing more. Since the day when he arrived at Chelsea, badly knocked about in almost the last scrap of the Great War, when he had the luck to stop a choice selection of German metal in leading his men over the top in the semi-final, and almost before he knew it, found himself comfortably tucked up in a little cot at St. George's Auxiliary, with a pair of violet eyes under a V.A.D. headress, peering sympathetically into his own, Freddy had taken a more or less personal interest in their owner.

The tapping of the typewriter stopped with a sudden jerk.

"Steady on, dear boy!" she sang out as she swung round in her chair, "steady on. What's the trouble?"

After his discharge—and hers—they had lost sight of each other, and it was only by the merest chance that they again happened to meet in the particular Board and Residence House, off the King's Road, where we now find them.

They met, renewed acquaintance, went to a dance or two together during the winter, and, through the long, uncomfortable, and dragging days, kept up an inconsequential familiar intercourse.

He was a nice boy, a typical strong, good-looking, healthy-minded young Englishman, a mixture of Douglas Fairbanks and Owen Nares in appearance. She was a sweet little thing, reminiscent of Mary Pickford with a touch of Gladys Cooper in her eyes.

She sat at her tiny typewriter on which she tick-tacked out little love tales to send to popular mags, and storiote factories.

He wrote scenarios for the Celebrated All-Starry Kine-matographical Association, of Shepherd's Bush and Hammersmith.

Possessed by the not uncommon mania for reading things they wrote to whoever was fool enough to listen, they read their "brain waves" to one another; that is, every time she read him a little short story—never more than two thousand words—he read her a three-act scenario, which, to say the least, proved her presence and, maybe, gives you a clue to her feelings.

But they would have gone on contentedly enough to the end of time, perhaps, writing things and reading them to one another, if it hadn't been for the laying of new stones on the road in front of the house, and the engine which, rumbling and scurrying and whistling, rolled up and down, up and down, and this way and that, rattling the rough stones out.

You see, his room happened to be in the front of the house, so he clicked a double dose of the noise every time.

The man thus—me is of little consequence, but I think it was Frederick—Arthur Frederick, if I am not mistaken—dashed his manuscript into the first available drawer, and, rushing downstairs, bounced into Dolly's room.

Running his fingers through his hair until his head presented the appearance of having been struck by an infant cyclone, he continued in this wise:

"I can't stand it! I must go into the country! What I want is the blessed peace. It is to be found only out in the long grass—the long, dewy grass, amongst the trees. I must steep my soul in it awhile, or this scorching, howling city will be the death of me. It will drive me dotty!"

The words were simple enough. People who write up all their fine words on paper, and so leave none for ordinary conversation; but their effect was disastrous.

Dolly turned and grasped the arms of the chair.

"Going into the country!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you give me some little preparation? Why spring it on me all at once like this?"

She stared at him out of large, reproachful eyes for a minute or two before she added:

"And who is going to listen to my stories now?"

Frederick got up and walked the floor. The engine waited through the window, though more dimly, as the room was at the back of the house.

He went over and put the window down. Presently he halted before her.

"Why not come, too, old bean?" said he. "Take a day off. We will go up the river and row down. We'll have tea at Marlow. I will stay there and you can come on back home."

Dolly clasped her hands delightedly together like a child. She ran to get ready.

At the door she turned to look at him, her fingers on the knob.

"But how nice," she cried, "bit rotten, though, leaving you there, and coming back home on my lonesome."

She shut the door, and he stood looking at it a long time, thinking. And that was the way it happened.

So they took a taxi (reckless expenditure) and wraps, in case the day might be chilly, drove to Paddington and took the train to Maidenhead.

Although late in the year, it was beautiful as it can be when St. Martin's Summer really tries to hood this valley of ours with rich glowing Autumn Sunshine, and

the famous Quarry Woods are glorious with all the changing tints of the dying year.

So they rowed—or, rather, he did—quietly down to Marlow and had tea at a certain old inn close to the river, which I also know quite well.

Dolly leaned back and breathed rapturously. It was her first up-river trip with a man.

"It's a wonder I haven't seen it in a dream," she said by-and-bye. "It is so beautiful. It is like a picture. How peaceful the river meanders along!"

"Yes, the Thames is an orderly, domestic sort of river. It goes home regularly of nights, and never has any trouble finding its locks, wha-at?"

Dolly laughed softly and appreciatively at his humour; she was feeling unconsciously happy.

After tea they got into that boat again and pushed off to make their way slowly back up-stream again.

Dolly glanced to the right and to the left.

"It is as beautiful as a dream," she said.

"I have rowed boats along this river for years, and years," remarked Frederick quietly; "but I never fully realised the beauty of it until now. I seem to see it through your eyes."

The boat lurched.

"What on earth is the matter?" he cried. Are you trying to upset us?"

"Unless you want to get a ducking," explained Dolly, "don't compliment me suddenly in that manner. It takes away my breath, and when I lose my breath I forget all about the ropes."

He looked up at her from beneath the brim of his cap and laughed.

"I am getting tired," he groaned. "We'll stop and find some chap to tow us back."

A man stood on the bank, looking over at them.

"Will you tow us to Maidenhead for half a crown?" shouted Frederick.



AMOROUS TRADESMEN.

The Passionate Florist to His Love.

Oh, Marguerite, my love, my sweet!
Upon his knees your John Quill kneels:
And thus, while prostrate at your feet,
He'll try to tell you all he feels.

Daily a wondrous love for thee
Ever grows greater in my breast;
My fuchsia must most gloomy be,
Unless your love I have possessed.

I must confess I am not gay:
I'm not the 'arum-scarum sort—
In fact, from what I've heard folks say,
Particularly dull I'm thought.

And yet we'd happy be, I'm sure;
A quiet sweet peaceful life we'd lead—
What's this? You say you can't endure
The thought of marrying me—indeed!

You think, I trow, to marry sold;
My ire is roused at thought of thee;
I thought your love would ne'er grow cold—
Begone! your face no more I'll see.

A GENEROUS THOUGHT.

Employer: You were late this morning, Henry.
Office Boy: Yes, sir.
Employer: Did you forget to mention it to me?
Office Boy: No, sir. But I don't want to deprive you of the pleasure of being the first to speak of it.

"Pluck is the secret of success on the Stock Exchange."
"Well, I'll give you £1,000 if you'll teach me your method of plucking."

WET DAY ON THE LINKS.

Bedraggled member arriving.
Member on Verandah: Hello, Tommy, what have you come up for—a swim?

VERY LIKELY.

"Well, what have you to say to the charge," inquired the magistrate of the small boy who was accused of stealing oranges.
"Please, sir, it wasn't me," replied the urchin. "But the officer swears he caught you with your hand in the box."

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "I was just putting back what Tommy Green took out."

The fellow nodded.

Frederick threw him the tow-line, took the seat beside Dolly, and on they went up the river, close to the banks past pretty bungalows and etceteras that put vague thoughts in their heads.

At the landing the man sang out:
"Good-night."
"I like that," whispered Dolly.
"In Ireland," said Frederick, "it is always 'Good-night; God bless you!'"
"It is things like that which make life worth living," breathed the girl.

Twilight had fallen. Purplish-grey willows mirrored themselves in purplish-grey waters and swans shone dusky white.

And as for the dinner, spread on a snowy cloth on a table smothered in flowers, a flickering, globe-enclosed candle at each corner, shining down on choice dishes, Dolly averred that she had been born and brought up and educated for that one moment.

Through the darkness of the bushes outside, two lamps shone like watchful eyes, down the river lights glimmered, from somewhere afar off a dog barked once or twice, there was the cry of a lonely night bird, the laugh of a girl, then stillness.

Later, at the station, Frederick stood on the platform, and Dolly, leaning out, placed her hand in his. Her eyes were luminous as the lights on the river.

"This is the pathetic part, old bean," complained she, "going back home alone."

The fellow went back to his hotel strangely unsatisfied.

The next day Freddy again went up the river in search of that blessed peace which is to be found only in the long grass under the trees. Throwing his cap in the air, he stretched his slim length under those trees, he dug his fingers into the loamy soil and pretended it was a child again; he revelled in the blue of the skies, in the sunlight leaking through in golden patches, for the weather was still lovely—summer come back again—but the blessed peace evaded him.

The cultivated well-kempt trees almost annoyed him. The purple of the landscape brought back to him the look in someone's eyes. The cry of the night birds, the reflections in the water, the blooming of the asters, dog-tired, as she had said, of blooming, all talked of her.

The "Good-night" of a passing stranger left him with a pain at his heart.

"It is things like that which make life worth living," she had said.

At the end of the third day he packed his suit-case and took the next train to London.

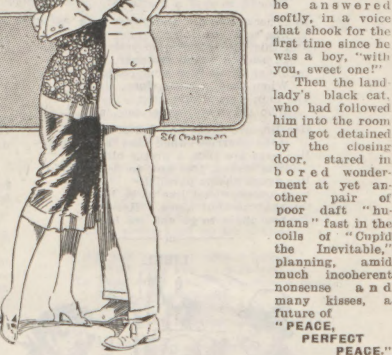
Arriving at that select suburban spot, he almost hailed with delight the very steam roller he had cursed.

Into the house he went, and upstairs three at a time, still he came to her door, where he knocked.

She opened it, a welcome in her eyes and on her lips.

"Have you found your 'perfect' peace?" she asked quizzically.

"Yes, now," he answered softly, in a voice that shook for the first time since he was a boy, "with you, sweet one!"



PERFECT PEACE."

WEIGHT AND SEE.

THE HEAD WAITER AND DR. VORONOFF.

GOOD morning, sir. . . . A quiet table? Certainly, sir. This way if you please. You'll be nicely out of the draught here, sir, and at the same time you can see all that's going on, if that sort of thing interests you, sir. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sat at this table to lunch one day last week, sir, and seemed very interested. What a haffable young gent he is, to be sure, sir. He did me the honour of entering into conversation with me, and left me a very handsome tip indeed. . . . Yes, sir, the oysters are excellent. One dozen? Very good, sir. . . .

His Highness seemed very interested in Mr. ALLY SLOPER, who happened to be lunching over in that corner, sir. And no wonder. He really is a remarkable man, is his Eminence, as he used to be called in the old days. He must be getting on in years, but he seems to have taken a new lease of life. An extraordinary character, sir, I assure you. He is almost sure to be in presently, when I will point him out to you, sir. . . . Oxtail? Very good, sir. . . .

You will find that very good, sir. One of our specialties. . . . Yes, as I was saying, sir, Mr. ALLY SLOPER is a surprising party. Between you and me, sir, I've got my suspicions as he's had some of that there monkey gland treatment. I don't know how he could seem to be getting younger every day if he hadn't. I beg pardon? You don't remember operating on anybody of that name? I don't quite understand you, sir, unless I have the honour of waiting on Dr. Voronoff, who there's been so much about in the papers lately. . . . You are? Well, if that isn't an astonishing thing! . . .

Your steak, sir. . . . The wine list? Certainly, sir. . . . Half bottle of Pommard? Very good, sir. . . . I trust you'll excuse me, sir, but is there really anything in this monkey gland treatment? . . . I should be afraid of it, sir. Not that I should object to being made twenty years or so younger, but I've been to the Zoo several times, sir, and have taken particular notice of the monkeys there.



I've never seen animals with less regard for what one might call decency; and if one of their glands was introduced into my system, I should be in constant fear of getting up to some of the saucy tricks I've seen them playing. One has to be so careful nowadays, sir. If it isn't safe for an elderly gentleman to walk in Hyde Park after dusk conducting himself respectably, what would be likely to happen to him if he had a sort of monkey impulse come over him? It's a horrible idea. The case would have to be heard in camera, I expect, and I can see Mr. Mead handing out five years penal servitude.

Gorgonzola? Yes, sir. . . . No fear of developing monkey attributes through your treatment? Well, sir, it isn't for me to doubt the word of a scientific gent like you, but if I was to have the operation I should be everlasting feeling to see whether I'd got a tail growing out of my back, and I should be scared to death to pass an organ in the street. . . . Nevertheless, you'd very much like to operate on me? Well, sir, I'm bald, and not so young as I was, but I'm pretty brisk, and feel good enough for another twenty years. But if you are looking for a subject, might I suggest my good lady? She's getting on, sir, and—well, you know what some elderly females are. I wouldn't mind risking her acquiring some monkey characteristics if you could only put her back, say, twenty years. Besides, she's got an annuity what dies with her. . . .

You would rather not practice on women just yet? I'm surprised at that, sir. I should have thought you would have had more female patients than male. So many women seem to hate the idea of getting old; but they can't disguise the fact, sir, despite their paint and powder and short skirts, what make some of them look sixteen behind, although they're a good sixty in front. . . .

The bill? Very good, sir. . . . Oh, that's the Mr. ALLY SLOPER who I mentioned just now, sir—taking his seat over there in the corner. Looking younger than ever, upon my word! If it isn't monkey gland, it must be a happy disposition, for I know for a fact he's been through some trying times. . . . Yes, sir, his nose has been like that ever since I knew him first. He used to be called the Ituit; but if he ever was a ruin, he's been wonderfully well—restored. . . .

Thank you, sir, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure. If you would think of having a good night's lady, perhaps you will let me know, sir. . . . Good day, sir.



The Visitor—"Excuse me saying so, but your daughter has wonderfully well turned ankles." The Father—"Yus, I've often thought of aving a bust made of 'em."

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

BUT I was telling you about Colley Cibber. Cibber, as I said, was at one time a patentee of Drury Lane Theatre—this was before the rebuilding by Butt—and one Colonel Brett, who later became manager of Old Drury, was a particular pal of old Colley.

Brett was madly in love with a great heiress, but was unable to press his suit on one occasion for want of a laundrywoman to iron his undies. It was as thus.

But, as John Coleman would say, let the delightful old gossip tell the tale himself.

After ticking off Brett for neglecting his lady love, the millionheiress aforesaid, Colley proceeds.

"After twenty years, to clear himself of his neglect, he concluded by telling me he had been out all the morning on business, and that his linen was too much soiled to be seen in her company.

"Oh, ho," said I, "is that all? Come along with me, and we'll soon get over that dainty difficulty."

"Upon which, I haul'd him by the sleeve into my shifting room, he either staring, laughing, or hanging back all the way. Then, when I had walked him in, I began to strip off my upper clothes and bade him do the same; and still he either did not, or would not, understand me, and continuing his laughter, cried:

"What, is the punny mad?"

"No, no, only positive," said I. "For, look you, the Play is ready to begin, the parts that you and I are to act to-day are not of equal consequence; mine of

"Young Reveller" (in Greenwich Park) is but a rake; but you must not appear in soiled linen before the lady of your love, therefore take my shirt, and give me yours for depend on't, you shan't leave her till you've made yourself decent. Then you may go about your business."

"To conclude, we changed linen, nor could his Mother have wrung him up more fortunately, for in about ten days he married the Lady!"

And, as the poet says, there were present at the wedding the Picalillies and the Jolibillies and the Great Panjandrum himself.



Visitor (looking for antiques, after admiring ancient cottage)—"And is there anything else of interest in the place?" Village Dame—"Lor blesses, sir, that there be Quaint Squire ave just put me in a lovely-nee Kitchen 'n' all!"



"Ah, my boy, I agree with Grey, what the country needs now are not stunt merchants, but solid, all round men!"

THE GIRL AT THE FLOWER SHOP.

Some girls are most absurdly shy;

And some of them are not so, But let you spoon them on the sly (We've dropped across a lot so!)—And, strange though it may seem to you— (You need not blush the matter), We somehow think that, of the two, We much prefer the latter!

The girl who keeps the flower shop

Is sweet; you mustn't miss her

She doesn't holla out, "Oh, stop!"

When fellas want to kiss her,

She's not the smallest scrap a prude

(We hate a prude sincerely)—

She has a special aptitude

For flirting most severely

She's got a lovely head of hair,

This very jolly creature;

It's silken, wavy, long, and fair—

A most important feature.

It goes, when down, all o'er the shop.

It's so divine, is that tress—

A wonderfully handsome crop.

Enough to stuff a mattress!

Her cheeks are like the pretty rose

She sells you for a tanner—

And this she holds up to your nose

In such a pretty manner,

Before she pins it in your coat:

When that is being done, sir,

The man's an idiotic goat

Who doesn't give her one, sir!

Her lips are sweet and red of hue

(Like cherries—when they stew 'em)—

Her eyes are such a pretty blue

(She knows, too, how to use 'em);

Her figure has no parallel—

A queen would like to be her

On that account alone, Iler—well,

You ought to go and see her.

LIBEL.



Geatman with Uster (and on his)—"Blinkin' cheek, I call it. 'Ere's one o' these 'newspaper' blokes describes me as a hunprepossessing type o' man!"

TOOTSIE



HULLO—ullo—ullo! Lardi! Are you there? (Oh! Exchange, it's no good to tell me "no reply," because I know she's there! She's in bed! Just go on ringing, and she's bound to wake up—that is, if she wasn't too tired and too—er—jolly last night. Please ring and buzz as hard as you can!) Hullo! Are you there? At last! My dear, you must—oh! no, Lardi, it's no good saying that because I know they've been ringing. Never mind about that now. I want to tell you something! (Fix the phone against the pillow, raise yourself on your elbow, and list!)

You know that beastly bill of £80 (yes, for the Ascot frock and hat) I had to meet, don't you? Well, while I've been staying with the MacTartan's at Whiskneat Castle I was worrying all the time as to how I could pay it—'cause Pa's been investing all his capital (£18 7s. 3d.) lately, and Bob's too broke for words, and I've "muddled" all I can "muddle." So I came home last weekend, and was just strolling along Piccadilly—feeling how demode I was even to be passing through London in September—when I saw a man in front of me drop from his pocket a square envelope.

He was walking quickly, so before I reached the envelope he was well ahead, and then before I could get up to him with the envelope he had slipped into a taxi and scudded off.



Result—me left with the envelope!

Therefore, as the envelope was neither closed 'down nor addressed, I proceeded to investigate the contents.

And what do you think were the contents? (No, of course not, as I know how to follow suit and to put on trumps when I couldn't follow. I felt I should be all right.

Inside the envelope was a ticket for the Giant Whist Drive at Elysians that evening!

Now, you know, I've been to small private "drives." Let this huge one would be quite a new experience. And when I saw printed on the ticket that the first prize was £20; the second, £30; the third, £40; and several of £10 and £5, my jaded young heart began to flutter-flutter-flutter!

Of course, I can't play cards a bit—you and I are both too fluff and frisky to be good card players, aren't we, dearie?—but as I know how to follow suit and to put on trumps when I couldn't follow, I felt I should be all right.

So, armed with nothing except the tie of admish (we all abbreviate in the best circles nowadays, don't we, dearie?), and my own bright intelligence (who said, "What, ho!"), off I went to Elysians.

Oh! my dear, what mills and bills and trills of peeps! (yes—people, of course!) Although they all looked nice, I might be the one designed by Destiny to do your poor trembling Toots out of a prize.

My scoring-card said that my section was "B" and my table 3303.

Now, where was it? Just as I was vaguely looking round an absolutely dinkie boy smiled at me, and said: "Can I help you?"

Such a pet he looked that I smiled back and replied: "Oh! yes, please! Where is section B?"

"Why, that's the same as mine! What's the number of your table?" he cried. "3303," I answered.

And, just fancy, Lardi, his was 3304—next to mine! What an extraordinary coincidence that in that huge crowd two people who had chummed up should be at the next table!

So off we went, and while his other three people and my other three people were arriving, we chatted and got on beautifully.

Then when my partner and opponents appeared on the scene, we immediately shuffled, cut, and dealt, and when I looked at my hand I found in it no less than eight hearts—big ones, too!

"I do wish that the first trumps will be hearts!" I whispered back again.

"Rather! I'll set all my mental force on to it. Besides, if it is hearts I shall think that's a good sign for me!" And as he made this daring little speechlet, he managed to get hold of three of my fingers and to give them a secret squeeze.

Then I waited— and waited— till at last the great centre trump sign was hoisted from the floor to the roof.

And on that sign, Lardi, was a heart— a heart— HEART!— the sign which I regarded as meaning luck, love, and lucre for your gay young Toots.

I played— we scored 13 tricks: at the next table, 10; at the next, 12; at the next, 9; and so on, and though I revoked five times, and always forgot what were trumps, and never knew how to score, and occasionally lost my pencil, and frequently mis-dealt, and perpetually trumped my partner's best card—in spite of all this, I ended with a score of 1821!

Oh! how I palped when, after all the cards were handed up to the important-looking gents on the balcony, the counting began.

And at last this announcement was made through a megaphone:

"The first prize of £20 goes to Mr. Paul Pogg, of Lower Pucklington, with a score of 182. The second prize of £30 to Mrs. Waddeley, of Hull, with a score of 183. The third prize of £40 to Miss Tootsie Sloper—fair daughter of the famous Ally—with a score of 1821!"

Oh! my dear, the joy of it!

I swanked up to the balcony, got my cheque, bowed to the applauding crowds below, and came down again—to find that my Nice Boy (whose existence I had quite forgotten) was waiting at the bottom of the steps.

"Congratulations, dearie!" he said. "Thank you," I replied a little coldly—because I thought the "dearie" was a trifle impertinent. "And now you'll be a pal and a sport, won't you?" he went on. "Stand a fizz snapper and lend me twenty quid until Sunday."

One awful glare I gave him, Lardi, then, turning to one of the nice officials, I said: "Here is half-a-crown for you. Kindly see me off the premises into a taxi!"

He did so.

And here I am!

And, my dear, the Ascot gown and hat are paid for with a bit over!

Three cheers for whist drives!

When the winter comes I mean to go to one every night, and—Lardi!—have you gone away?—Oh! you have!

—oh! you jealous cat!!

AMPU-TOE-TION.

Fashionable women are alleged to be submitting to the amputation of their little toes to enable them to wear with comfort the new, narrow, "jester" shoes."

MIRIAM no longer goes On her light, fantastic toes— She has just been put to bed In a nursing home instead.

Let not grief your bosom fill— Miriam is not really ill! She's there "jester" undergo The mere loss of a toe or so!

Her ambition 'tis to wear Shoes that make one rasp and stare: With ten toes she cannot do it— That's why two are going through it!

—JO—

NOTHING DOING.

The modern caveman lunged at the lady he had just married to drag her around the room by the hair. "Ha, me proud beauty," he snarled.

He lunged again and again in impotent rage and then he cried, "Foiled." And ground his teeth.

Her hair was down at Mrs. Clare's on the avenue being waved.



He made a daring little speechlet.

GIRLS TO GET ON WITH.

The Girl in the Private Bar.

Another girl you'll find it not Impossible to spoon with— To kiss and hug an awful lot. And spend an afternoon with— Is she whose nightly duties are To serve behind the Private Bar.

Your pa and ma, and sisters, too, Will very likely tell you That barmaids aren't a proper crew— But don't you let them tell you. The best of knowing them is this— You're never hard up for a kiss!

"Are not a proper crew," indeed! "And turn you as a swivel, To ways from which you should recede!" What idiots drive! As though we wanted to be told, Like children only twelve years old!

We know a girl close by our court, Who serves us with our whisky. And she's a very proper sort— Perhaps a trifle frisky. And fond of flirting with the men; But, even if she is, what then?

A girl in her position can't Behave so circumspectly. Like some old grumpy maiden aunt— She'd get the sack directly. No decent publican would stand A girl who treated you off-hand.

Just fancy if the girl who drew Your glass of stout or bitter Refused a tender squeeze or two You'd feel inclined to hit her. The notion that a fellow's ere'd Because a barmaid he's prefer'd Is positively too absurd!

—Don Juan, Junior.

"Say, old thing," quoth Downmout to his pal Ootfisher, "you never wear that green-speckled golf suit of yours now. You might hand it over to me; mine's done to the world."

"But, liddle mine," expostulated the softy one, "you're built on quite a different plan to me; the things wouldn't fit."

"San fairy anised, old fruit, if the suit won't fit me, I'll fit the suit!"

A GUESSING GAME.

NOT 'ARF.



"You wouldn't think that old blighter was worth a million o' money, would you?"
 "Goolaw! Is he?"
 "No."



Roddy Roder—"Ow do these blokes in the weather buroc know what sort o' weather were going to 'ave?"
 Billy Beaver—"They don't!"

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE.



"Didn't I meet you on the front at Brighton last summer?"
 "Couldn't say. Somebody did!"

FASHIONS IN FACES.



Beauty Specialist—"For the Autumn season, Madam, eyebrows will be worn high, cheeks sunburnt, while cupid-bow lips will give way to the passionate!"

SUB ROSA.



Eng. "Now, don't forget, old dear, that, for business reasons, our engagement must be kept a secret."
 Fair. "Why, yes, dear old thing, that's exactly what I'm telling everybody."

ON THE RAZZLE-DAZZLE.



F. Gelli.

EXCITED EMMELINE (4. and 4.)—"Call yourselves men, and you'd see a lidy hillsulted an' hinstreated like this 'ere!"

LET 'EM ALL COME.



Friend—"Awfully good of you, old bean, sending me a stall for your new show. D'ye mind my bringing the wife?"
 Manager of Theatre—"My dear boy, any wife of yours is always welcome!"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

A blaze of fireworks all the way, befits the ex-Kaiser's Wedding day. Buyers and Sellers in thousands go to view Olympia's Motor Show. "Girls have no souls," but this of course, is just a taste of Harvey's Sauce. To use Advertisement is sweet, the safest guide is "Puff your own and not the other side." "Bill, book and candle" ban the doughty duke And the proud Marlboro' scorns the mild rebuke. The wary wardens on his track Soon brought the pseudo curate back. Above you find, as our selection, The real result of the Election—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



"Ullo, Bill, ain't seen you for a long time. What yer been doin'?"
"Electioneerin'."
"Why, what do you do?"
"The shoutin'!"



Referee—"Great Scott! I've swallowed the whistle."



"I want free pennorth o' bones, an' muvver says, if there aint more meat on 'em this time, she'll change er butcher!"



"Ah, he's a nice little chap, he's getting into rare pretty ways, he spits in the fire just like his father."



"What d'ye call him?"
"Chingwin."
"Why?"
"Cos he's a little blind, boy!"



Famous Foot Bawlers

"AS I WAS SAYING":

THE result of the London Municipal Elections is an eye-opener to many. One doesn't quite know what to make of it. There is no question that on an occasion like this the best organised battalions carry the day. The raging, tearing propaganda of the Belabouring party in this picture is not a bad imitation of the local politicians who come to the front in the Election within the Election, which took place last week. And now we must wait and watch for the results of the result, the effect of the cause. Borough, Town, and District Councilors, to which ever party they belong, very seldom get credit for the amount of hard and tedious work they put in on behalf of their fellow rate-payers. The ordinary man in the street has little idea of the amount of time that is given in Committees, Sub-Committees, and Council Meetings—voluntary work all of it. To some it is a relaxation, to others only the response to a stern sense of duty keeps them going.



One of the pressing questions in the Election is that of unemployment. How to get back to normal trade conditions is a puzzle to politicians as to everyone else. Some of the unemployed want work, some don't. It is difficult to find work for the one and just as difficult to make the other chap work when he gets it. A couple of dead-beats met in a side street off the Fulham Road. One of them had been paying a surreptitious visit to "Uncle," who, nowadays, has little more money than the rest of us. The genius with the brown paper parcel observed to his pal, pawnbroker's had me over my change. There's eight half crowns to a Brodbery, isn't there? "So they tell me," replied the other. "Blowed if I know!" "By the bye," continued the artist bloke, "is it true your pal Bronkins, got a job yep people will do for money!"



A good story is going round the Motor Show at Olympia, where, like the good Americans and Parisians, all the best people are flocking this week. It is about Ford Cars, as usual.

One potential buyer was discussing the Economy Question with a friend and advising him, until better times, to buy a "Tin Lizzie," but the other chap jibbed. "But why don't you like 'em?" said the first. "Well," replied the other, "they are like a bath to folks like me." "A bath! How so?" enquired his friend. "It's this way. Everyone likes to have one, but nobody likes to be seen in 'em."

Talking about cars, Olympia will be famous in history this year for two things. The Prince of Wales' "Crossley" that everybody is so curious about—a very swagger affair—and Ally Sloper's little "Benjamin"—a most unmistakably aosh machine. In a simple sentence, the snip of the Show. An ideal pair, a big and little "An, Dignity and Impudence! Praeger-Wagner and Poor Pa as a couple of Kernoozers are very bad to beat, balove mub!



TIME TELLS.

She: This is an awfully long play. The hero does not marry the heroine until the close of the fifth act. Five acts are too many.

He: But you forget that this is a modern love-story, and the scene is laid in the present day. An author must make his play natural and true to life. Formerly the love plays were quite short; but nowadays the men are so shy from being hunted so much that it takes the most attractive woman a long time to run a man down and capture him.

A TACTITION.

"I have wired my wife that I've had to stay late in the City to make a balance."

"What'll she say when you get home?"

"Oh! she'll probably accuse me of having lost it."

SLOPER'S AWARD OF MERIT

has this day been conferred on
ALDERMAN E. C. MOORE
chiefly because he is
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"Wotto, dad," burbled the Boy Sloper, if your books go through the Lord Mayor's hands, ye'd better look out, 'ee see more than ye expect!"

But the Aged one buzzed the big ledger at the Kid's cokenut and hit the gas globe.

Another good mantle gone wrong!

GOLF NUTS by the Kernel. CADDY BOYS.

THERE are caddies and caddies. Blessings and curses! There's the little blighter who, on the tee, as the couple in front are receding into the dim, misty distance, when you say to him, "Do you think I can play, boy?" looks you up and down with a supersilly expression and replies, "Well, I dunno, sir. I ain't never seen yer try yet!"

Then, again, there is the elderly nobleman who, when you are playing the game of your life in an open competition on a strange course, and you have visions of a dazzling brilliant, silver-plated Challenge Bowl awaiting you on a crimson velvet cushion at the eighteenth, if you ask him what club you had better take for a deceptive approach at the thirteenth, says, "Well, well, sir, I don't quite know. You seem to be playing so well that I don't know what to advise; but, since you've harst me, I thought to tell you that the ground runs away from the 'ole to the left, so, if you play round by the top of the green an' just miss the little pot bunker, you may trickle right up to the pin—same time, sir, if you over-run, there's the river down at the other side," and so on and so forth till your head is filled with potential and imaginary dangers, and you smother your mashie, top your cleek, duff your iron, fizzle your mashie, smash your iron over the silly old fatnut's degraded skull—crazy old jaypot.



But, what I can never understand, how in the world a middle-aged, rotund, authoritative, argumentative, dogmatic father of a family and a boss of a big business in Blackfriars can earnestly ask and devoutly act upon the advice of a tupp'nyha'pny little whippersnapper, with a shockhead of hair and a vacant, far-away look in his watery eyes as to "what club to take," and "how to play the shot," and "what's the distance," and "which is the line," to a hole which he—the big man—has played scores of times, and the kid has only seen once, gets over me! And we all do it!

But the good caddy, the one who is always up at the ball first, with the proper club half out of the bag; who is always at the pin in his proper time; who has your clubs polished and ready before you have turned into the Club House; knows the distances and lay of the land at each hole; never swings your clubs when you aren't looking; has a cheerful, confident, bucking-up sort of countenance when things are going a bit wrong; knows how many you have played and how many your opponent is really down in; never gives an opinion until he is asked, and has always a sensible reason for such opinion; and looks on himself as a definite and necessary part of the match yet holding himself impartially as between you and your friendly antagonist. Worth a guinea a round any day! Yet is content with the moderate tip you are content to tender him. Long life to him! May he live long and win the Open Championship!

CASEY, K.C.



"What's your name prisoner?"
"Casey, yer honor."
"Your full name."
"Casey, sorry, Pull or sober!"



First Artist—"I hear that you are giving up your studio."
Second ditto—"Oh, dear, no! Who told you that silly yarn?"
First ditto—"Your landlord!"

TO, OR FROM.

Hub: One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time.

Wife (who knows him): Where was he, on the roof?

WHEN WINTER COMES.

One of our "best sellers" was once grumbling about the rotten illustrations to one of his stories.

These artists sometimes make me think there's some truth in the anecdote of the book illustrator who was asked:

"What's the best Xmas book you ever illustrated?"
"Dunno," replied the artist: "I never read any of them!"

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"By Jupiter! isn't the rain coming down?" said a weather-bound commercial traveller in a remote country village inn. "It looks just like the flood."

"Like what?" queried the girl in the bar.
"Like the flood. You've read about it, of course. About Noah landing on Mount Ararat, and so on?"
"No, sir! I ain't seen a paper for over a week. One of these flying men, is he?"

A BUSINESS ENQUIRY.

"Say, Mr. Poppkins," queried little Bobbie, rather pointedly, "are you really in love with Doris?"
"Good gracious!" blushed Poppkins. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, it's like this," was the kid's rapid reply, "last night she said she'd give half a quid to know, and I'm frightfully hard up."

ECONOMY! ECONOMY! ECONOMY!



An Englishman's home after he has paid his taxes. Hence the slogan.

PARS FROM THE PAPERS.

The pessimists are making plans to starve this year and freeze. They're going to wear their ancient hats and clothes out at the knees.

"'Twould be a dismal world, indeed, if it had nothing but this breed."

A 'phone box is invented with a spring lock that is stout. Until he pays and gets his call a patron can't get out. While waiting for a gadding wife A chap might stay in there for life.

A hundred ft. millions spent in Europe every year by Yankee tourists should afford that stricken land some cheer.

The tourists over here may quit Pay up that European debt.

An actress smothered the King of Spain. She wouldn't dance with him.

In days of old it didn't pay to balk the Royal whim. But times have changed, so what's the use?

A King's no better than a dence.

The fashion folks say corsets are now coming back in style; The girls have not been wearing them for quite a little while.

Though corset steels may pinch and sorape, The sex will be in better shape.

CHATS AT "THE CHEESE."

By BOSWELL, Jrn.

"SIR," said the Eminent Literateur, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street. How great minds think alike!"

Here was the world-famed A. Sloper, M.P., O.B.E., F.O.M., etc., etc., and then some, sitting in the self-same seat—the identical highly Ronkued armchair, solid but slippery, at the identical hostelry yelp, "The Olde Cheshire Cheese," Fleet Street, E.C. 4—which had, in the brave days of old, ennobled the more mighty, or, at all events, the bullier form of his great predecessor, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, at the hands of my own more modest but equally immortal progenitor, had received the same meed of praise, or praise of mead, which it is my sweet ambition to afford to his renowned, though somewhat moth-eaten, rival in letters.

"Sir," repeated the Moss-Grown Ruler, let us . . . shall we?"

"Let's," I replied; "but before doing so—it isn't yet closing time—by-the-by, have you ever tried Pelmanism, Mr. Sloper?"

"Sir," mused the Mammoth Memoriser, "what is Pelmanism to me? I have here," tapping his colossal cranium, "an inexhaustible mine of inaccurate information. Sound me on any subject—swing the lead, so to speak, into the depths of my subconsciousness, and the pearls of wisdom will fly to it like tin-tacks to a magnet. What is it you want to know?"

"Who you are and where you come from—and when?"



CHARLES H. ROSS.

Creator of "Sloper" and "Judy."

From a drawing by Alfred Bryan in the "Patriotic."

"In the days of my youth,"

Father William replied.

"Before 'Daily Mails' were begun,

On three comic papers once we relied.

Their names were 'Punch,' 'Judy,' and

'Fun.'"

"Of the second of these," continued the Mine of Wisdom, "Judy, the Conservative Comic, Charles H. Ross was Editor. He was a clerk at the Admiralty, and, after office hours, was a thorough dilettante, a sound, dramatic critic, a writer of short stories and sketches of a curious mixture of comic and occasionally tragic qualities; chose his subjects, generally speaking, of lower middle-class life in mediaeval and Victorian settings. He possessed a strain of original humour, quaint and unexpected, which he also exploited in a series of drawings, crude but laughable. In these he was assisted by his wife, Marie Duval, whose artistic style, flavoured with a soupçon of French wit, was so much akin to his own that it was hard to tell 'other from which, though, as far as one could judge, she did the female figures and he did the funny ones."

The Crimson-headed Rambler took another breath and a taste of his tahard and continued:

"It has been asserted that he invented my personality, which was, to some extent, based, so they say, on a so-called prototype of mine who was blessed with a proboscis, nasal organ, or, in the vernacular, snapper, and a deficiency of hirute adornment reminiscent of my own classic features and well-developed upper story. This person was said to have been a frequenter of 'The Horne' at Kensington; but, as I never met him, I can neither accept nor deny the spot impeachment. But, pshaw! Me an invention? No a fragment of my name's tangential! I ask you! Do I look like a fragment? Do I act like a fragment? Do I eat like a fragment? Do I—"

"Imbibe like one, Mr. Sloper?" I interpolated.

"Archibald, certainly not! Your call, sir!"

"The mixture, as before, sir, is due and only moisture of dry but dainty throats. . . . Cheerio . . . but, as I was saying, saying, I'll just tell you the real, absolute, undiluted truth about Ross and me, the fact is—"

"Time, gentls!" vociferated an obstreperous interfering not less.

"Well, next week, then," said the Eminent "So long."

(To be continued.)

DONE

When, some years ago, young Percer Pettieush requested two days' leave of absence from the office of Messrs. Grindler and Co. in order, so he said, to attend the funeral of his grandmother, the head of the firm, after some little hesitation, granted his request.

The two days elapsed, and Pettieush, upon returning, was told that he was engaged in the private office, where he found Mr. Grindler with an expression upon his face which boded anything but good for anyone who might incur his displeasure.

"Mr. Pettieush," he began, "I gave you two days' leave to attend the last rites of a relative; have you done so?"

"Yes, sir; thank you. We buried the poor old lady."

"Oh, you did, did you? Then, perhaps, you will be good enough to explain this," said old Grindler, taking a copy of the "Fishing Gazette" from his pocket, read the following extract to his astonished clerk:—

"The Ouse, Brandon, Norfolk.—Water here in good condition. Splendid sport experienced. A London angler, Mr. Pettieush, in two days caught six dozen the roach and nine pike—the largest over 12 lbs.—The Ouse."

There is now a vacancy in the office.

LORD BOB'S WEEKLY INDISCRETION.

DID ever any of you chaps tumble across a particular old pal of mine, Reggie Brighteyes? What's that?

He's a top-hole sport, but tries to make a living as a doctor. He's got about as many patients as a hot bus does, but, what I mean to say, he never worries, don'tcher know, about little things like that. Reggie's old to have a good time, and he jolly well sees that he gets it!

Last Friday I blew in on Reggie to ask him if he knew anything for the 430s. I found him full of beans, but in a nett of a hurry.

"Got to run away, old fruit," he crackled. "Shan't be long. Just run the bally show for a bit, and, if any patients call, hang on to 'em till I get back."

With these words he winked and left me on my lonesome. I hung round for half an hour or so, had a look at good old Reggie's dinky photos, and was just making up my bally mind that I couldn't stick it much longer when there was a rat-tat-tat at the door.

The next moment a most blithesome birdie in all her glad rags glided in.

"Doctor Brighteyes?" she cooed. And I suppose, chaps, that I must have nodded in my excitement because she babbled on:

"My friend, Lord Longueux, asked me to see you, she said you were frightfully clever. Doctor, I've sprained my ankle, and it hurts terribly. But praps you'd like to see it?"

And so saying the dear little thing slipped off her shoe, and, with a slight blush, held her dainty little tootsie on to a chair. And, though I say it as shouldn't, it was, without exception, the daintiest, dinkiest little specimen in two-guinea landress that I ever cast eyes on.

I dropped on my knees, dear bobbies, for a nearer inspection, as it were.

And the more I gazed the more I regretted that I hadn't taken up doctoring as a paying proposition.

"Well, what do you think of it, doctor?" demanded the little darling.

"What do I think of it?" I echoed in tones of ecstasy. "Why, I've never seen anything nicer. It's absolutely per-perfect."

"Yes; but what's the matter with it?" demanded the sweet thing impatiently.

"Absolutely nothing," I answered, taking another long, lingering look.

"But I tell you it's hurting frightfully," she cried, tapping the taps with her luscious heel.

Then a brain wave struck me.

"What price a little massage?" I murmured. "Something thing, massage, so something?"

And I was really stroking the willow stockings as indicated by the diagnosis when the surgery door swung open, and that silly owl, Reggie, butted in bald-headed.

"You're just in time, Reggie," I chirped, as I brushed the dust off my knees and raised him. The patient is merely suffering from a slight abrasion of the ankylopoetic nerve. I was just recommending a little gentle massage—

but I must be off now and operate on Sir Wilkie Bard. Cheerio, Miss! My partner will look after you."

And winking violently at the astonished Reginald, I bolted headlong through the door.

I haven't blown in on Reggie since, dear old beans, but I tell you that the thought of leaving that delicate little trotter, which I may never see again, to his tender mercies has put me off my grub—what!

THE WRONG DEPARTMENT.

A funny thing happened the other day at a well-known draper's not a hundred miles from Oxford Street.

A young and pretty girl approached one of the counters, whereupon the smart male assistant came forward, and, bowing in the orthodox manner, asked what he could do for her, and the following conversation took place:

"I—I—I—I want to see—that is, I want to be served by—er—one of your young women."

"I am afraid they're all engaged just now, madam. You wait a pair of—"

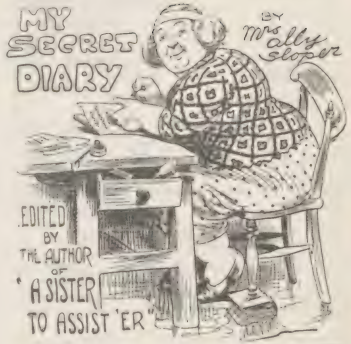
"Sir."

"If you tell me the size, I—"

"Silence, sir! I wonder you— Surely there must be a woman in this department! I—where's the—"

Then a light seemed to dawn upon the puzzled counter skipper, and he said:

"I fancy perhaps you are making a little mistake, madam. This is the clove department—the ladies' hosiery and underclothing—counter No. 4, on the right. You want that department? Yes? Jenkins, show this lady to No. 4."



October 27th.

DEAR Diary, what I don't like in Ally is 'e's so unexpected. Never does nothink what you'd expect 'im to do.

Now, you can reckon on some folks easy. There's Mr. Lloyd George. Anyone knows as 'e's sure to do exactly what the newspapers don't like, every time 'e does anythink. 'E's a habit of 'im.

And you know as all them Editors see as 'e's done wrong every time 'e's done anythink, and, what's more, they're honest enough to say so. 'E's a habit of theirs.

But you can't never depend on Ally. Just when you think 'e's going to do a thing 'e don't do it. It keeps me in such a state of uncertainty as I don't know whether to go for 'im when he comes 'ome or not.

As like as not if I do 'ell say 'e's been to the office and prove it, too, and if I don't, you'll had 'e's 'ad the shilling as you put by for the gas.

"Spent it on cloves," 'e said, last Saturday, 'cause 'e'd got the toothache. As if I don't know what cloves is made for.

October 29th.

Dear Diary, I wrote last week as I opened a letter what 'ad come for Ally. I can remember it as well as if I'd writ it myself.

"Beloved Ally, I hear you are coming out again. Oh! joy and rapture. I know your office and will call on you at six p.m., to-morrow," and it were signed Flossie.

Now, I think, I'll just catch you and your Flossie, and so I sealed the letter up and see 'im read it.

But 'e were artful. 'E pretended 'e weren't pleased.

'E said a word as the printer won't ave nothink to do with, and as the foreman 'as got a delectic constipation, Ally says, I wouldn't make 'im ill by writing it down.

But, dear Diary, to you I confess as it begins with a "I" and ends with "am."

Ally says it ends with "an," but that 'ad spell "Dan," and it ain't that feller as I do know, 'cause I've read of 'im, and is "Zoo."

But I guessed if Ally didn't seem pleased, 'e were really concealing it like the worm in the 'eart of the rose.

So at six p.m. I were at the office in Wine Office Court. The winder were open a bit, and I eard ally's name, and then a real sayver:

"Oh! I'd love you to."

That were enough for me. 'Olding me umbrella 'andy, in I walked, and there were a skinky old geezer of sixty trying to sell 'im a drawing.

"Ellen, missus!" Ally says to me. "This birdie wants me to give 'er a bob for 'er drawing. I'll leave you to settle with 'er," and before you could say knite, 'e'd gone out.

She told me as she'd never 'ad a drawing printed yet, but knowing 'ow kind-hearted my Ally were, she thought 'e'd give 'er a start.

"I don't allow no alluring females to call on my Ally," 'e says, "so I'll give you 'air a minute's start, and if you ain't out of our court by then, I'll interview you with my umbrella. See?"

I just swung it round, but I ain't 'it the chair she'd been sitting on. Dear Diary, you know as I ain't a jealous-saturated lady—

housewife, of them sort—but I do say this, show me a female, and I says she's a designer, and I don't allow no designing creatures to tempt my Ally.

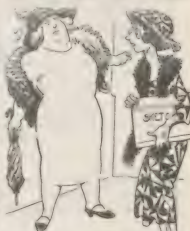
But I've quite a lot of letters on Ally's desk, and thinking as I might 'elp 'im, I read some. They were mostly rubbish, silly folks saying that to see 'im again was just like the good old times what they thought was never coming no more.

Not a word about the pleasure of seeing me again. What do rely ornament Ally's paper. I've looked at me photo what Mr. Thomas drewed, and, dear Diary, I confess 'e's 'e's lovely. There ain't many gals with a sinner like mine, and Ally did ought to be jealous.

But when I pinter it out to 'im and asked if anythink 'ad sell 'is old paper it would be my photo. Ally 'e said was as if it were a pity as Mr. T. didn't draw a jing 'er instead.

That's 'ow Ally come to 'ave them scratches what 'e said were done by 'is safety razor.

(To be continued.)





"See that stump, Billy, bet yer sippence I can stride right on top of it!"
"Garn!"



"Yus, I can, watch 'ere!"
"Gee!"



"Lumme, its a stone, not a stump!"
"O-oh!"



Splish



Guy—"I wonder if you'd be angry if I kissed you?"
Gladys—"I wonder."

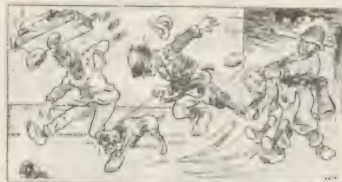


Nervous Customer—"He seems very spirited, do you think he'd shy at a motor?"
Dealer—"Shy? He'd jump at it!"

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.



Cause.



Effect.

WAYS AND MEANS.



"But, Gerry, old bird, on your screw you couldn't possibly support two."
Good for you, old thing, but then I'm only wanting one.

SOLD BY SILLYMAN.



HELLO BROWN! I'VE JUST WON FIFTY POUNDS!



A MAN BET ME I WOULDN'T EAT TWENTY ONE HELPINGS OF JAM BREAD AND I WON



BUT DON'T TELL MY WIFE



SHE MIGHT NOT GIVE ME ANY SUPPER!

SYNOPSIS.

With infinite subtle humour, our distinguished contributor describes the pangs endured by the would-be playwright, from the moment when, having exhausted the patience of a varied assortment of relatives and friends to whom he has insisted on "reading" his great work, he takes his courage in both hands and proceeds to try and get it produced.

Capt. Bairnsfather's advice to the budding aspirant, and his prophetic description of what is likely to befall him in his quest, including a forecast of the interview likely to take place (if he's lucky) between the Author, his Manager, and the Producer is graphic in its delineation.

He deals with that period of disillusionment known as rehearsals when consoling people who should be able to judge make nice remarks such as "I'll give it ten days," and he closes by bidding the literary venture to keep away from the Thames, in case of temptation. Now read on.

A "first night" of a first play is, of course, the Mecca towards which the patient is striving. The dress rehearsal is over; the doctor has stolen quietly out of your room at the hotel, and whispered to the nurse that you are now out of danger. When you wake you will realise with a sylvatic start, that this is "Ter Day." It is the day of the First Night. You will eat nothing except Pomeroy or Charles Heidsieck. This is known in Harley Street as "nerves."

In a starving but liquid condition you will room, with your miserable face, up and down the hotel and down and up the streets looking at every clock you can see, and starting violently as each half-hour passes. In your mind you will have acted the play right through to an empty house, at least twelve times. The afternoon wears on, at last the zero hour approaches. You dine early off Moet and Chandon. Now's the time! You have got to go to the theatre.

With a feeling much akin to that of an aristocrat in the French Revolution when being taken away to the guillotine, you will be removed to the theatre in a taxi. It's well to pay the driver to wait for you while a First Night is on—you may want him in a hurry after the first act, and an angry crowd is a dangerous thing.

Now, as before, I am going on a preposterous assumption, i.e., that your play is going to be a success. This makes the conclusion of this chapter less painful, and more inspiring to the young enthusiast.

You arrive at the theatre. You go inside. The manager, producer, commissionaires, stage managers, etc., etc., will well away from you; they don't know whether you are a success yet. (Never mind mind that, it all helps.) Enter and sit at the back of the pit near an emergency exit (you can get away quicker and safer to your waiting taxi from there). If only you can, of course, dress yourself like the manager for this occasion, and risk it. A sort of George Lashwood in buxom I mean, with a shirt front like a bleached skating rink. This will help you at the finish, for the audience will want to see a fair reproduction of an author.

With a crash the orchestra will burst into a tune calculated to drown the buzz of conversation and assorted noises over the crowded theatre. Somebody has whispered to you the ominous information that a lot of the Press are there. Now for it. The curtain rises and you see a faint resemblance of the play you once wrote holding a great and enthusiastic audience tightly interested. Success!

The first night is over. The producer, the managers, the actors, the actresses, the man in the box office, all your friends you will now find, "know it would be a

EVASION.



Gerry—"These Income Tax people are the absolute limit! They've nearly doubled mine this time!"
Eva—"Don't worry, dear old thing. I'll spend every penny of it rather than a bloody robbery get it!"



By Capt. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

For months to follow you will have the carnal satisfaction of seeing crowds going in and royalties coming out. You are now a successful playwright.

It will be as well, before I finish this chapter, if I try to epitomise the production of a play. For this purpose, I am submitting in potted form, under the title of "The Play's the Thing," an impression of how a play is written and possibly produced.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

In order to grasp the significance of Shakespeare's announcement, quoted above, I give a few sidelights on production, as a guide to prospective playwrights.

Nothing will serve this purpose so well as a series of letters between Producer and Author.

The Web, Snatchet, Hants, April 1.
Dear Old Boy,—Very many thanks for sending me your play to look at. I like it immensely, and feel sure there's pots of money for you in it. Can you come round to my office to-morrow (you know the place, over the Babylon Grill Room), between twelve and one? We could talk things over. It's an Eldorado for you, Old Boy.
Yours, ADAM SWINDLE.

Hotel Eclipse, W., April 2nd.

Dear Swindle.
So glad you like the play. Right O! I will come to your place about 12.30 to-morrow. Yours, Y.B.H.



"You dine early off Moet and Chandon."

MILADY'S CHEEK.

I love a beautiful painting.
I don't care nor understand
Whether it's done by Nature
Or whether it's done by hand.

STAMMERING.

W. Lee Wareing can, and will, cure your stammer, or return the fee.
Whether it's done by Nature
Or whether it's done by hand.
"Straight Talk to Stammerers."

W. LEE WAREING, Anchorsholme, Blackpool.

Hotel Eclipse, W., April 8th.

Dear Swindle.
I went round to your office at twelve and waited till two-thirty. The office boy then rang up "The Web," and heard that you had gone to Brighton. He thought you would be back any minute, but I couldn't wait. So sorry to have missed you.
Yours, Y.B.H.

The What'syours Hotel, Portsmouth.
April 10th.

Dear Old Boy.
Damn sorry about missing you the other day—thought I said Tuesday, not Monday. Anyway, have seen about the play. I think there's thousands in it and it will run for six years at least. I will put it on the West End, on the island in Piccadilly if necessary, and have all London's leading actors in the cast.
Yours, A.S.

(EIGHT MONTHS ELAPSE.)

Hotel Eclipse, W., November 3rd.

Dear Swindle.
Do you want that play or not? It's now seven and a half months since you had it. You know the terms. I sent them to you over six months ago. Do let me know as soon as you can.
Yours, Y.B.H.

Theatre Royal, Pontypridd, November 4th.

Dear Old Boy.
The terms you ask in that contract are simply ridiculous. One per cent. on the extra matinee gross takings would murder any show. The play is all right. I know, but in its present form, it would not run a week. I have been seeing about it, and I find I cannot offer you any more than one and two-thirds per cent. on the gross profits obtained from the sale of the programmes. Now do be sensible, Old Boy, and think of the manager. The expenses of putting on this show of yours are going to be stalling.
Yours, A.S.

The Web, Snatchet, Hants, December 1st.

So glad you've signed the contract, my lad. You are going to roll in money over that play. I am going to put it on regardless. I hope to get the Labyrinth Theatre for it, right in the West End. It will be on in a fortnight.
Good luck, Old Boy.
Yours, A.S.

Fairdene Convalescent Home, Bournemouth.
June 18th.

Dear Swindle.
When is the play going to be produced? Haven't heard from you for over six months. Write a line when you can.
Yours, WHY BE HOPEFUL?

The Web, Snatchet, Hants, June 2nd.

Dear Old Boy.
The play will be on next week. Hope you can get up to see the First Night. By the way, did I tell you, it's not going to be at the Labyrinth after all—couldn't get the lease. (They have got that revenue "Let's All Strike," booked solid there for two years.) I am putting it on at the Corn Exchange, Pembroke, for four weeks. It's going to be a riot, Old Boy!
Thine, A.S.

Telegram.

Can't get Corn Exchange, Pembroke. Suggest Pier Pavilion, Hythe. Do you agree?

LEELY UN-PAID.

Extract from private account book:—	
Profits from play	40 15 0
Hotel Expenses	28 10 0
Travelling	15 6 0
Specialist's Prescription	2 5 0
Balance at Bank	0 10 0

STAMMERING.

I cured myself after teachers, etc. had failed. I will cure you, or your child by simple home treatment. Cure Guaranteed or no charge. Write for free particulars.

FRANK F. HUGHES, 7, Southam Row, LONDON, W.C.1.

CURED IN 7 DAYS.

BLUSHING.

NERVE & HEART WEAKNESS.

You need not go through life handicapped with such wretched disabilities as Blushing, Shyness, Weak Memory, Defective Will Power, Want of Confidence, Trembling, Twitching, Depression, Insomnia, etc. YOU can be CURED completely, permanently, in 7 days. GUARANTEED CURE for either sex. No one need suffer. The cure is very simple and private, and will not interfere with any business or household duties. It has cured THOUSANDS after Doctors, Physical Culture, and Suggestion has failed. Write a letter or post-card at once, mentioning "Ally Sloper," for full particulars will be sent free privately—E. B. DEAN, 12, All Saints' Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.

SUNRIPE

EXTRA SIZE

10 for 6d.

CIGARETTES

Also 20's and 50's

THE CHRONICLES OF DUNCAN McNAB.

Death of the Artist Who Created a Famous Character.

ENQUIRIES from all sides have been made to us as to whether and when our old friend, McNab, is to resume his activities in our pages. To many people, and more particularly his compatriots, The Elder is as essential to the paper as Sloper himself, and, as a matter of fact, the characters were created within a few years of each other.

The Scottish series—quaint, curious, half-raising episodes of the Elder McNab, together with the Laird, the Meenister, McParritch, McBung, McSwine, and the other braw inhabitants of the Broodside, a weather-beaten village in the wildest part of Scotland, with precipitous mountain peaks and sheer, stark, rocky precipices almost too steep for a goat to climb, but down which the rude forefathers of the hamlet strode off into space with no more compunction than we ourselves step off a tramcar—this series, a never-ending source of amusement and perplexity to Southern readers—and many Northerners, too—on account of the braidness of the "braid Scots" in which it was written, was so popular a feature in "Judy" that it was transferred to "Ally Sloper," where it ran from week to week for nearly thirty years, until the suspension of the paper at the beginning of the Great War.

We ourselves, on the "inside" of the paper, were anxious to get in touch again with Mr. J. R. Brown, the author and artist of the popular series, and hoped that his services might be again available, but, to our very great sorrow, we regret to say that poor old Brown has gone to his long rest and left no successor to carry on his work.

He died in January, 1918. Latterly, he had been employed as chief of the designing department of Messrs. Goodalls, the well-known decorators and furnisiers, of Manchester, and, on making enquiries of them, they wrote most sympathetically, giving us the sad news, and also kindly enclosing a cutting from the "Ainwick Gazette" containing a notice of the death of Mr. Brown, who was native of that place, and a record of his activities which to us, at least, was a revelation.

It appears he was born and educated at Ainwick and, after being apprenticed to an architect there, came to London, studied at South Kensington, and contributed to "the Builder" and other technical papers. Was art master in a Yorkshire Boys' school. Was commissioned by "The Graphic" to go as special artist to America, and to Ireland during the Fenian rising.

Together with his brother James he originated the humorous character of the Wild Scotchman, 'McNab,' the first of a series of comic drawings appearing in the pages of "The Graphic."

"Later on, his sketches were in a regular weekly of 'Judy' and later also in 'Ally Sloper,' where they appeared regularly until a year or two ago."

In partnership with his brother he did some wonderful artistic decoration work in London, designing the greater part of the popular shows "Venice" and "Constantinople" at Olympia, as well as scenic work and interior designing for theatres.

On the death of his brother James, Mr. J. R. Brown joined Goodalls, who carried out, under his guidance, some extraordinary work in the restoration and decorations of his houses, castles, great hotels, theatres, etc., all the time contributing literary and artistic work to periodicals, "where his sense of whimsical humour always made his writing of exceptional interest."

He died in harness, leaving a very large circle of friends and a position in the world artistic which it will be very difficult indeed to fill.

Peace to his ashes!

DISTURBING ELEMENT.

A well-to-do Scottish woman one day said to her gardener:

"Man Tammas, I wonder you don't get married. You've a nice house, and all you want to complete it is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right, missus, quite right," said Thomas, "but he didn't keep his job long after he got the wife."

AMOROUS TRADESMEN.

The Passionate Fishmonger to His Love.

This is a quiet and pleasant place,
'Tis here I'll tell the old, old story;
Oh, sweet Ann Chovy! grant me grace,
And listen to your fond John Dory.

My sole is full of love for thee,
Although I've done my best to curb it;
Your smile can fill my heart with glee,
Your slightest frown can sore per-turb it.

I'm not a wealthy man, I fear,
I'm not a brill-iant match, I know;
Yet, say that you'll be mine, my dear,
And hand in hand through life we'll go.

I'll fall in with thy every wish,
I'll give thee all I really can;
For though all day I'm selling fish,
I trust I'm not a sell fish man.

Should you refuse to be my wife,
I should be well nigh mad with grief;
I've dealt in poison all my life,
In poison, then, I'd seek relief.

You shrink—I mean you shrink—from me;
You love another, I believe.
Never again for face I'll see,
And so, Miss Chovy, take my leave.



Sunday Gaffer—"Something has put me off my game this morning, caddy. Boy—It's them church bells, sir; they didn't enter be alarmed."

Number Two



NOTEYBENEY.—The puir dementit wretch that

ulcerates the chronicles o' McNab ilka week has done a bonnie thing for us this time. He's turnt the "hale yaboosh tapsulterie, an' ye has tae begin at the bottom an' no' at the tap as heretofore. But mibbe ye ken hoo it is yer's, gentle reader, when temptation's put before ye. Hech, sirs, the day! Whit an awfu' thing drink is!!—(1) Tae mak' a lang story short, Sawney Bean, frae Cockaleerie's Law (at muckle expensur o' siller), openit a grand new shop. Robin Rae was paintin' his sign an' gaed on the fiddle wi'oot feenishin' his wark. Leevil a job had come Sawney's w'y, an' he was maist despet. Then comes the Laird creepin' up at the daunkin' p'intin' siller intil his haun' an' pourin' bludthirsty proposals intil his leathery lugs.—(2) The next aftern bein' the Settedry, the Kirk Session speelit tae Ben-Macorkie's erie peak, McSwine reachit the highest p'int exactly three feet twa an' five-eights on a sixteenth aboon the line o' perpetual snaw an' ice, the watch w'e' comfort the comin' cuttin' doon the floor o' his youth o' the disgustin' backslider wha's deeds an' misdeeds hae sac disgraced these prative paces. An' Sawney Bean followit Duncan McNab wi' a remorseless an' healthy tread that wis awfu'ly an' delightfully thrillin'—(3) An' when they beheld Sawney whaifle on tae hill-top jist as McNab was

howlin' in a' the fause joy o' a conscienceless he'rt, "There's cauld Kill in Aberdeen!" they cried in a' the fallness o' their he'rts. "He'll cut the deevil's jugler this time! Hoorsay!!"—(4) But the ytwain at that junctur oozil over the side, an' the baillit Session could only see that a rale, poetic, we fecht was proceedin', wi'oot jaloosin' whit wis the upshot.—(5) That nicht the Laird in pensive mood meanderit up the toon, his ultimate object bein' a forty-hoose-noor cuzzle at the "Thussel," when he became aware a' once wha had won the battle, an' he got that roosey an' trammely a' ower that he wis obliegit tae tak' seevin tumblers o' McBung's rale Hielan' Tartan toddy afore he smiled again.

Taffy: A long, tiresome journey, wasn't it?
Sooty: So it tigh to be for £1 17s. 6d.

A notice was fixed up the other day by a headmaster to the effect that there would be aneistra half holiday next week. It would be taken on the Tuesday, or, if wet, on the Monday.

THE FUGITIVE.

I was a butcher once, but now
A fugitive am I;
No doubt the sleuth-hounds of the law
Will nab me by and bye;
Meanwhile I flee from place to place,
The gallows e'er in view,
Because, if I would save my life,
There's nothing else to do!

My crime—if crime it can be called—
In no wise I regret;
My victim—if he lived again—
The same reward wad get.
Who was he? Why, a foolish old
Who jeered, and called me "beaver!"
Whereat I struck him in my wrath
And slew him with a cleaver!

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

"Bonnie, my son, here's a sum for you. If I owe Geisenheimer five thousand dollars, and three thousand dollars to Limburger Brothers, what will it take to square it?"
"I don't know, fader. We hafn't got to percentage yet."

"How many Germans did you kill?"
"How many? I dunne exactly how many. I killed as many of them as they did of me."

SKETCHES AT THE MOTORIES

A FEW
STOP PRESSIONS
OF THE
1922 SHOW

"MATCHES, SIR!"

"NO!
NEVER
USE!
'EM"

"CATLOGOCVIDE!"

"SAVE YOUR
OWN, SIR!"

"UCH, HOW MUCH ARE THEY?"

"FREE, GRATIS."

"UM, AH, GIVE ME!
A DOZEN."

"YE
ANTIENT
BEAVER
BORED"

"SOME HAT!
COMPLETE WITH PIPE"

THE CONSCIENTIOUS COLLECTOR.

"WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? WHERE'S
THAT OTHER BOY?"

"PLEASE, SIR, HE CAN'T CARRY 'EM ALL,
HE'S GONE FOR A BARROW."

A TIGHT FIT

W. Fletcher Thomas

"CAN WE-ER-
DO ANYTHING
FOR YOU,
SIR?"

"AYE, I'LL TEK
A COUPLE O' YON
ONE FOR ME AN' ONE FOR T' MISSIS."

The Motor Show at Olympia, the Mecca of the motor man, is this year as popular as ever. To the common or garden, so-called, person who cannot even afford a Ford one show is very like another. The same crowd of people storming out of Addison Road Station, surging up the steps and spreading into the enormous hall, dim, misty, blazing with myriads of electric lights, are lamps, and rows upon rows of high-voltage bulbs outlining the building itself, and every stand and stall for the display of expensive motor-cars.

The last few years have been somewhat dull to dealers and manufacturers, but things are beginning to brighten a little, and salesmen are bricking up and sharpening lead pencils so as to ensure a nice, sharp-pointy taste on the tip of the tongue, while regarding with a weary eye the prosperous-looking "potential"—skinny topped and

white spatted—who seems to be so interested in self-starters, carburettors, C.A.V. lighting, ignition, differential gears, and what not. Like the Ancient Mariner, the cute salesman leads him gently up the garden between the rows of potted palms, baits his hook, and hooks his order before the purer one can give the glimmer of a glance to the next-door neighbour, who is visibly itching to collar his cheque.

The outstanding features at the Show, of English manufacture, are the new little 20 h.p. Rolls and the 14 h.p. Vauxhall, showing a desire on the part of their makers to study the pockets of the new poor and meet the prevalent demand for a moderate-priced car of lower horse-power, with a swagger name, to give confidence and Kudos to the client. Though Lanchester, another British aristocrat, is not apparently following the crowd. Straker-Squire, the

Edmonton effort, is quite a good proposition. Espano-Suiza, the Rolls-Royce of the Continent, and Vlosen, are the stunt cars of the foreigners, whole A. Sloper's own little pet, Benjamin, is conspicuous among the smaller fry at the White City.

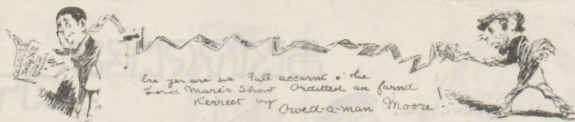
Despite the prevalent cry of shortness of cash in the commercial circles, some folks seem to have money somewhere. I was standing behind a couple of North countrymen, who were critically examining a good-looking, well-proportioned car—Talbot-Darracq, Wolseley, or something nine hundred odd, I think. They were just ordinary persons, even as you and I. Said one to the other, "Well, has ta made up th' mind, Jack?" "Are, lad, I have an' all," replied his friend; "I'll have two o' them 'ere. One for me an' one for t' missis," and, what's more, the salesman hooked the order.



ALDERMAN E. C. MOORE, F.O.S., F.C.A.

Once again the Corporation of the City of London have put the right man in the right place. Alderman Moore is a good man and true, a square peg in a square hole. The folks round the Mansion House are feeling the financial draught as keenly as the rest of us, and when you can only buy a pennyworth of stuff for twopenny or a shilling's worth for half-a-crown, it is up to everyone, from Lombard Street to Lancaster Gate, from Pimlico to Paddington, to sit up half the night going carefully through his ledger and cash book in order to cut off those harmful, unnecessary items that convert a Credit balance to a Debit. Even a penny on the wrong side is a penny gone wrong and, with our new Lord Mayor's unrivalled experience as a Chartered Accountant, City innuendoes may safely lay their hairless pates on the downy pillow and sleep safely in their four posters, secure in the conviction that, for one year at all events, the money matters of the Corporation are in safe hands.

Chiefly because he is Lord Mayor of London, he was created F.O.S., and the Sloper Award of Merit was conferred on him on November 9th, 1922.



WARMTH BEFORE WISDOM.

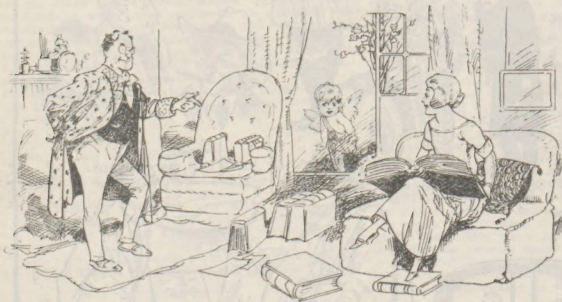


Fatherless Uncle—"And I trust you occupy a good position in your class at school."
Modern Kid—"Not half, best in the class!"
F. U.—"Oh I say. That's splendid!"
M. K.—"Yep. Next door to the radiator!"

C. BRITAIN.
Cardiff's Popular Manager.
An all round athlete, a competent Town Councillor and champion leg puller.

DOPE.

ALLY'S ALLEGORIES.—No. 1.



1. There was an elderly bachelor who sought to train the mind of a young girl until she should be a worthy wife and help meet for himself. Books and lectures he gave her, and the young girl showed all obedient attention, like the demure little mouse she was! And Cupid looked in and smiled!



2. Anon he introduced her to the ancients—and drew her into the mists of old history—into surroundings so old—so very old—that the elderly bachelor's sixty odd years seemed as nothing! Oh he was a cunning fellow, that ancient bachelor!



3. And one day the moment came when he dropped upon one knee and began gently to inculcate a few rudiments of the gentle art of love! "Oh, come to that," she said, rather blantly, "you're topping at your 'ologies and 'stics—but I can give you 'pointers in this game! Here, step in, Jack!"



4. "I've got a special professor for THAT. Here he is. What he doesn't know about it isn't worth learning! We are to be married next month!" And all that Cupid could say was—"Well—there!"

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